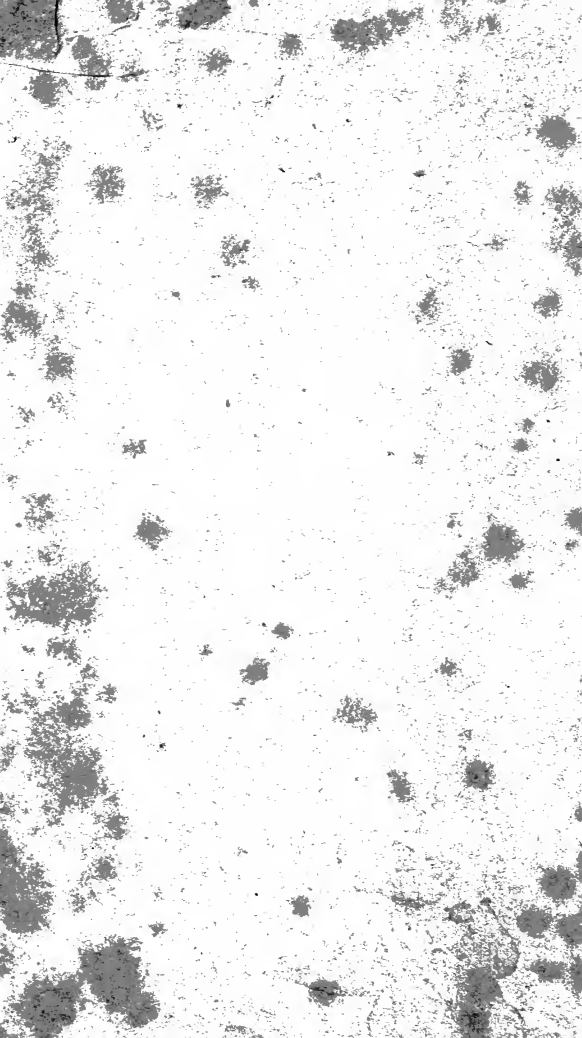
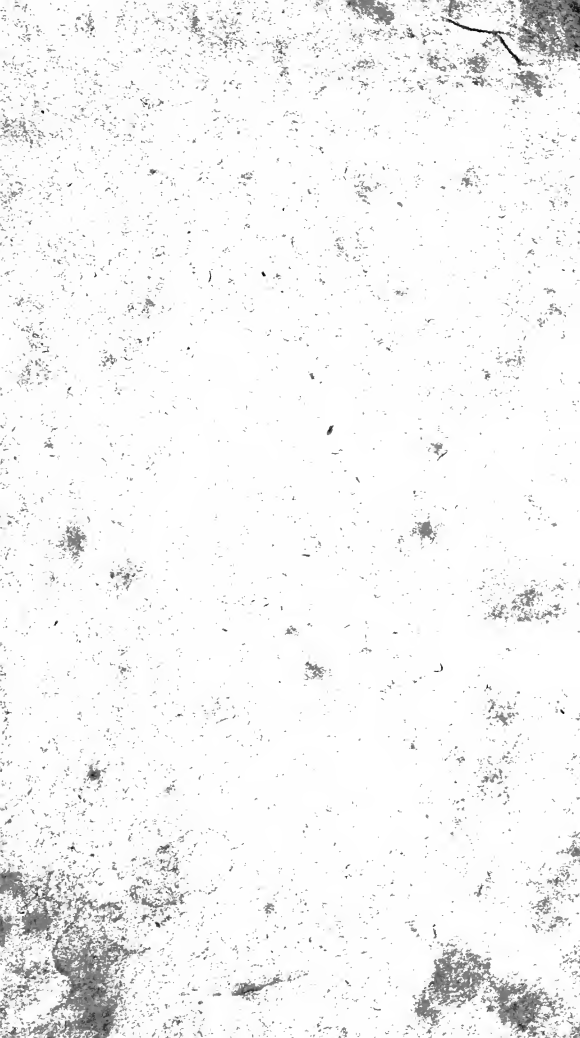


A decorative rectangular border with a repeating floral or scrollwork pattern surrounds the text.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION

LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES









Mary Hearn Thustice
Presented by her Mother
1829. —

THE LOST CHILD :

A POETIC TALE.



THE

LOST CHILD.

A POETIC TALE.

.....

FOUNDED UPON A FACT.

.....

“ Strange woes beset his infant years,
“ And dimm’d his pretty eyes with tears :
“ Yet ”—ANON.

“ Patient and meek life’s thorny path he trod,
“ And plac’d his sole dependence on his God.”—ANON.

PHILADELPHIA :

PUBLISHED AND SOLD WHOLESALE BY WM. CHARLES,
AND MAY BE HAD OF ALL THE BOOKSELLERS.

.....

1811.

W. M’CULLOCH, PRINTER.

CHAPTER 10

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

The history of the United States is a complex and multifaceted story that spans centuries. It begins with the early Native American civilizations, such as the Mayans, Aztecs, and Incas, who developed advanced societies in the Americas. The arrival of European explorers in the late 15th century marked the beginning of a new era, as they sought to establish trade routes and colonies. The United States was founded in 1776, and its early years were characterized by a struggle for independence from British rule. The American Revolution (1775-1783) was a pivotal moment in the nation's history, leading to the signing of the Declaration of Independence and the establishment of the United States as a sovereign nation. The early years of the United States were marked by westward expansion, as settlers moved across the continent in search of land and opportunity. This period was also characterized by the growth of the American economy and the emergence of a distinct national identity. The American Civil War (1861-1865) was a defining moment in the nation's history, as it resolved the issue of slavery and preserved the Union. The Reconstruction era (1865-1877) followed, as the nation sought to rebuild and integrate the newly freed African American population. The late 19th and early 20th centuries were marked by rapid industrialization and the rise of the United States as a global power. The Progressive Era (1890s-1920s) was a period of social and political reform, as reformers sought to address the problems of industrialization and improve the lives of the working class. The United States entered World War I in 1917, and emerged as a superpower in the aftermath of the war. The 1920s and 1930s were marked by the Great Depression and the rise of the New Deal, as the government sought to address the economic crisis and provide relief to the suffering. The United States entered World War II in 1941, and emerged as a superpower in the aftermath of the war. The Cold War (1945-1991) was a period of tension and rivalry between the United States and the Soviet Union, as they vied for global dominance. The end of the Cold War in 1991 marked the beginning of a new era, as the United States emerged as the sole superpower. The 1990s and 2000s were marked by rapid technological advancement and the rise of the information age. The United States entered the 21st century as a global leader, and continues to play a central role in the world's affairs.

PREFACE.



MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

THE tale before you is founded upon a fact, consequently, some of the characters are taken from life : you must not therefore be surprised to find those of the humbler order speaking and acting in a rude, unpolished manner. They were not happy, like you, in having dear and kind friends, to afford them the incalculable blessing of a good education ; otherwise Alice would have known that all charity should be accompanied by gentleness and delicacy, and all inordinate curiosity suppressed, as vulgar and impertinent. Honest Walter was a brave, warm-hearted, English sailor—but he never heard of a rule of syntax—nay, I question if he had learned to spell. In truth, my dears, characters, like portraits, should be drawn from nature, and not so highly finished as to lose their likeness. They must be made to speak and act consistently with that situation in which Providence has placed them, and

suitably to their age and education : for a difference in these respects *will* produce a distinction of language and manners, however some very pretty books (much prettier than mine) may lead you to suppose the contrary.

If this story affords you but one half-hour's amusement, blended with instruction, during your Vacation, my utmost expectation will be fulfilled, and my most aspiring wish gratified.

Your affectionate friend,

THE AUTHOR.

THE LOST CHILD :

A POETIC TALE.



1.

'TIS Christmas time, and each young heart
Now beats elate and gay ;
Releas'd from school, releas'd from cares,
All bent on sport and play.

2.

'Tis one continued round of bliss,
And visits by whole dozens ;
The fond caress, the eager kiss,
From grandsires, aunts, and cousins !

3.

Well, joy, my little rosy friends !
Much joy I wish to all ;
Whether 'tis sought in hide and seek,
In hoop, in top, or ball.

4.

Or should the merry mazy dance,
Your tiny footsteps lure,
Still health, still peace, and joy be yours,
As permanent as pure.

5.

But, since even Christmas' gambols tire,
And Blind-man's-buff may fail,
Try, while you're resting round the fire,
To read my simple tale.



6.

WHERE Thames between his ozier banks
His silver water guides,
And proud Augusta's fam'd Canal*
Smiles o'er her new-born tides ;

7.

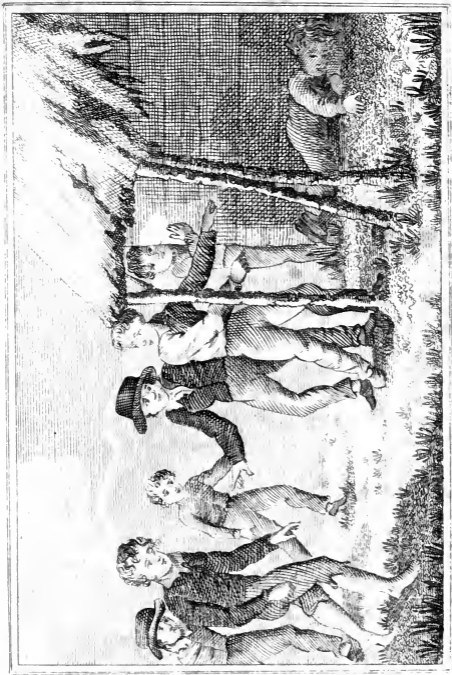
'Twas there at morn, at noon, at eve,
A little merry set,
Before the awful hours of school,
For rustic pastime met :

8.

A ragged, careless, clamorous tribe ;
Whose parents scarce, I ween,
Could from their hard-earn'd morsel spare
Wherewith to keep them clean.

* Blackwell Canal, in the Isle of Dogs, London, was anciently called Augusta.





— but haste! behold
A little sleeping Boy!

9.

Or cause them go, full twice a day,
Where on a board is seen,
“Young masters *tort* to *rede* and *rite*,
And children *taken in*.”

10.

In drear November's chilly month,
Just at the break of day,
This vagrant tribe—no fires within!—
Came out to skip and play.

11.

The piercing rain unheeded fell,
Unfelt the sleety storm ;
They beat their little shiv'ring sides,
And jump'd till they were warm.

12.

“A race! a race!” the youngest cries,
“Yon shed the goal shall be ;
Who's there the foremost, I declare,
Shall share this roll with me.”

13.

Swift to the shed blythe Robin flew,
And cried aloud with joy,
“The prize is mine!—but haste! behold
A little sleeping boy!”

14.

All stretch'd upon the humid earth,
Pale as the drifted snow,
His pretty locks all smear'd with blood,
His face the face of woe.

15.

Bare to the blast his tender limbs,
And all with dirt defil'd,
Just like a fall'n lily, lay
A poor deserted Child!

16.

The tiny crew, with pity fraught,
Observ'd his panting breath ;
And, but for that had surely thought
He slept the sleep of death.

17.

“ Poor little fellow !” Robin said,
(The hero of the chace)
“ Where are thy friends? how cam'st thou here?
Hold up thy pretty face.”

18.

The trembling boy then tried to raise
His head from the damp ground,
And turn'd his mournful eyes to view
His pitying friends around ;

19.

But stiff, and cold, and wearied, he
Soon sunk to earth again :
Sore sick he was, and could not rise,
For very grief and pain.

20.

Says Robin, " fetch from yonder boat
A plank to lay him on,
And bear him to my mother's cot—
She'll nurse him like her own."

21.

Their hearts by pity warm'd, they flew,
And back return'd with speed,
And swift to Mary's humble cot
Their busy footsteps lead.

22.

Mary with wonder saw the train
Approaching to her door,
With grief beheld the pallid babe,
And kiss'd him o'er and o'er.

20.

Bruis'd were his limbs, his little feet,
As if with travelling sore—
A wound upon his tender head
Was found, beneath the gore.

24.

That wound she bath'd, those limbs she chaf'd,
And on her lowly bed
She laid him warm, and on her breast
Reclin'd his aching head.

25.

“ Poor boy !” she sigh'd, “ some mother weeps
In agonies for thee !”
“ Ah ! no—no more,” the child replies,
“ My mother weeps for me :

26.

“ 'Tis now a long, long time ago
Since God took her away ;”—
Then added, but with broken sobs,
“ My mother died at sea.”

27.

“ Ah ! mother, then full well I know,”
Cried Robin, “ you will be,
(Since he has lost his mother dear)
As kind to him as me.”

28.

She press'd her generous Robin's hand,
And, smiling in his face,
In silence clasp'd him to her breast,
And wept in his embrace.

29.

Soon was her zealous care repaid,
The suffering child was cur'd,
And Mary never once repin'd
At all she had endur'd ;

30.

Though many a wakeful, weary night
And many a scanty meal,
Had widow'd Mary and her boy
For him been doom'd to feel.

—::—

31.

But now, my sweet attentive friends,
Here pause, e'er you proceed :
Lay down your book, and ponder well
On that which you have read.

32.

Let little Jane and Susan think,
If they're, like Mary, mild,
And would, like her, so nurse and love
“ A poor deserted child.”

33.

For reading is of no avail,
Unless we thus compare,
And learn from others' vice, or worth,
How good, or bad, we are.

B

34.

And if wild Tom, or careless Will,
Can feel within his heart,
He would have done as Robin did,
Then—read the second part.

PART THE SECOND.

1.

AND now full many a dreary night
And bitter day had fled,
And winter's wild tempestuous winds
Had rav'd round Mary's shed.

2.

With heavy toil and painful cares,
Which wealth yet never knew,
Poor Mary struggled oft in tears
The cruel season through.

3.

At length th' inspiring sun appears,
And bids creation glow,
And calls the vegetable world
Forth from its bed of snow.

4.

It warm'd, oh strange! a Miser's heart,
To pity the distrest!—
Mary, a sordid brother had,
In ample riches blest:

5.

To whom though oft she'd begg'd and pray'd,
But pray'd and begg'd in vain,
Forc'd by stern Poverty's command,
Once she implor'd again.

6.

"Send me your boy—your Robin send,"
The golden Savage cried,
"If he is good, I'll be his friend;
If not—he is but tried."

7.

What struggles and what tears it cost,
'Twere painful to relate,
E'er Mary's almost broken heart
Decreed poor Robin's fate.

8.

"But go, my child! for happier stars
Than mine may shine on thee!
"Poor Hal!"—she wept, and, turning, said,
"Thou now must comfort *me*!"

9.

The blooming boy, with downcast eyes,
Stood witness of their woe ;
Then clasp'd his faithful playmate's neck,
And tears began to flow.

10.

“Cheer up, my mother,” Robin cried,
“Nor mourn your absent Boy—
Cheer up, and Fortune soon shall turn
Our present grief to joy.

11.

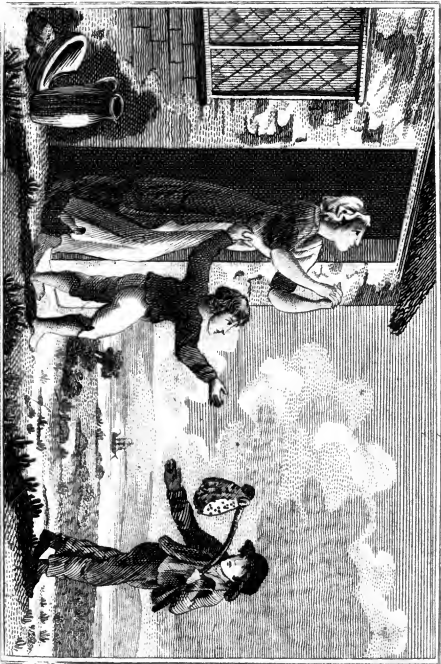
“Dear Hal, farewell!—he'll do his best
I know, to comfort thee.”
“Farewell, my Boy!”—poor Mary sigh'd,
“God comfort him—and *me!*”

12.

Then from the door poor Robin rush'd,
Striving, with manly pride,
To check the tender thoughts that rose,
And tears he could not hide.

13.

The poor deserted pair now crept
Within their hut again,
Of much-lov'd Robin talk'd—and wept,
And wish'd him back in vain !



Then from the door poor Robin rushed. 86.



14.

At length the smiling season came,
When every meadow gay,
Call'd Labour and his sun-burnt train,
To gather in the hay.

15.

When pensive Mary join'd the throng,
With Harry by her side,
Who bore the basket and the keg,
Which all their wants supplied.

16.

The song, the merry jest went round,
To sooth the hour of toil :
But nought could draw from Mary's lips
One transitory smile.

17.

Fatigue, and penury, and grief
Assail'd her tender frame ;
And, press'd beyond her strength, at last
A cruel fever came.

18.

Ah ! gloomy, gloomy were the hours
Hal sat beside her bed,
And bitter, bitter were the tears
The hapless infant shed.

19.

One morn, by craving hunger urg'd,
With tears he food demands,
“ I have it not,”—poor Mary cried,
And wildly clasp'd her hands.

20.

“ Unhappy boy ! would thou hadst died
Beneath thy wretched shed !
Ah ! fatal day, when to this door
Thy footsteps Robin led !

21.

“ To save thee from dread famine's jaws
The passing stranger try ;—
Ah ! who shall see that pallid look,
And yet thy prayer deny ?”

22.

Poor Hal, all day, had wander'd wide,
By hunger sore distress'd,
As oft as he implor'd, denied,
And not a want redress'd :

23.

Then, parch'd, and tir'd, and sunk with grief,
Returns to Mary's door,—
For pity calls to her——who *now*
Can pity him no more !

24.

Th' affrighted child astonish'd stood,
When, going near the bed,
Poor Mary cold and stiff he found—
But knew not she was dead.

25.

“ Oh ! speak, my mother dear,” he cries,
“ My mother, can you see
Your Harry sick for want of bread,
And yet not pity me ?”

26.

And then he press'd her clay-cold hand,
And kiss'd her faded face ;——
She answer'd not---not yet return'd
The wonted kind embrace.

27.

He trembled like the aspen leaf,
And, looking wildly round,
Utter'd a piercing shriek, and fell
All lifeless on the ground.

28.

Dame Alice, passing by the door,
The piteous accents knew,
And, though “ not of the melting mood,”
She shudder'd at the view.

29.

Of the poor boy, and Mary's corse
Stretch'd on her lowly bed,
And snatch'd the senseless child away,
And bore him from the shed.

30.

But scarce had Hal return'd to life,
E'er Alice long'd to know
His birth, his parentage, his age,
And whence he came, and how ?

31.

" I'm very poor, and hungry too,
My Mother died at sea,
And Mary, that you say is dead,
A mother was to me.

32.

" And Robin's gone, and I've no friend,
Without you will be one." ---
" Not I!—no children more I want,
I've seven of my own.

33.

" But what's that thing hangs round your neck,
How came it yours ?" she cried.
" Oh ! that to me my Mother gave
The day before she died.

34.

“ She used to wear it round her neck,
And kiss it every day ;—
And Walter held it for me fast,
When we were cast away.

35.

“ I must not part with it, indeed,
For so my Mary said,
And all my life I mean to do
That which my Mary bade.

36.

“ Beneath this bit of glass, here, see,
Two tiny letters are,
H. T. observe ; and, look, all round
This lock of pretty hair ;

37.

Which might reveal, dear Mary said,
A father's name to me ;
A father who would dearly love
All who were kind to me.”

38.

“ Well, keep your paltry trinket, pray,
'Tis of no use to me ;
And such a peevish brat as you,
As useless full will be.

39.

“Howe’er, the fleet will soon be here,
In which returns my Hugh,
And then we’ll see what can be done
With such a thing as you.”

40.

She fed and rated him by turns,
And drove him up and down ;
He rock’d the cradle, fetch’d the wood,
And trembled at her frown.

41.

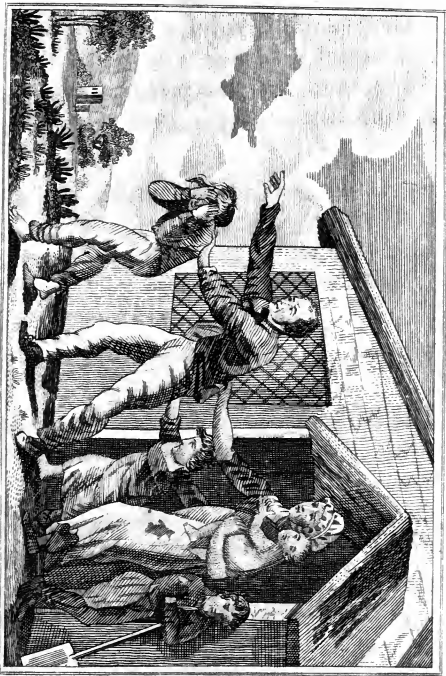
No leisure had the docile boy,
Save when, at evening hours,
He stole to Mary’s simple grave,
To strew that grave with flowers :

42.

There sooth’d his melancholy mind,
O’ercharg’d with bursting woe,
While frequent by the moon’s pale light
His artless tears would flow.

43.

At length old surly Hugh arriv’d,
And drove him out of door ;
For, having children seven, he vow’d
“He would not father more.”



old snrly Hugh arrived
And drove him out of door.

J. Younger. Sc.

MEMORANDUM

TO: THE PRESIDENT

FROM: THE SECRETARY OF STATE

SUBJECT: [Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

44.

Poor Hal, on Outcast once again,
Now wander'd to that shed,
Whence his lov'd Robin heretofore
First rais'd his drooping head.

45.

There many a night, th' unshelter'd boy
Forgot his cares in sleep,
And many a live-long day was seen
By Mary's grave to weep.

46

Once more the little bounteous crew,
To aid his wants repair ;
Hear his sad tale, and then with him
Divide their scanty fare.

47.

Yet still from God (so Mary taught)
Relief he hop'd to gain ;
To God he pray'd—and no good child
E'er pray'd to God in vain.

48.

He comforts and considers all
Who put in him their trust :—
The al -submissive boy he heard,
And rais'd him from the dust !

PART THE THIRD.

1.

O LOVELY Charity, to whom
Divine behests are given,
To bless, and to be blest, is thine,
Thou favourite child of Heaven !

2.

Oh ! from thy realms of light and love,
Thou Cherub bright, descend,
Succour our harmless Hero's woes,
And raise him up a friend !

3.

One night, 'tis said, beneath a tree,
Poor Hal was left alone—
Tir'd with their sports, to peaceful homes
His happier play-mates gone :—

4.

There while he watch'd the unpitying sky
That spoke th' approaching storm,
He did not mark a Stranger's eye
Fix'd on his wasted form,

5.

Until the voice of pity broke
On his unheeding ear—
“ My little fellow ! get you home,
A pelting storm is near :

6.

“ Ill can those tatter'd garments serve
Its fury to restrain ;
And, see ! what black'ning clouds appear,
And heavy drops of rain.”

7.

“ No home !” with tears, poor Hal replied,
“ No home is there for me ;
No friends have I.”—“ Nor home, nor friends ?
Then come along with me.”

8.

Homewards, to 'scape the driving shower,
Swift o'er the fields they dart ;—
It was a British sailor's home,
Warm'd by a British heart.

9.

There fed and cloth'd with decent cost,
How chang'd was Harry's lot !
How soon were banish'd all his cares !
How ev'ry tear forgot !

C

10.

There while around the social board,
His loyal host would tell,
Of conquests on the stormy seas,
How his young heart would swell !

11.

Of Britain's worth and weal he heard,
Of Britain's well earn'd fame ;
Of Duncan's high heroic deeds,
Of Nelson's deathless name.

12.

Of early laurels, bright rewards,
That were to valour given,—
To those their Country bless'd on earth,
And Victory crown'd in Heaven.

13.

Such glorious thoughts his mind inflam'd,
And all his soul possess'd—
Perchance some gleam of future fame
Might flash across his breast !

14.

And now 'twas Harry's ardent wish
To leave his native land,
To try the fortune of the seas,
And join the glorious band.

15.

One day, attended by his host,
On Thames' fair banks he stray'd,
When, lo! to Harry's wond'ring eyes,
In naval pride array'd,

16.

A gallant vessel, trimly deck'd,
Sail'd by with streamers gay,
While groups of rosy boys appear'd
Upon the deck at play :

17.

Some 'midst the shrouds, some o'er their books,
All learnt to "rule the main ;"
All were employ'd—all seem'd content,
And "strangers yet to pain."

18.

'What's that?' cries Hal, "and who are those
That on yon deck are seen ?"
"What's that?" replied his cheerful host,
"Why that's the bark Marine !"

19.

"Sweet Charity the structure rais'd,
And stamp'd it with her name,
Exulted o'er her own fair work,
And gave it up to Fame !"

* The Vessel belonging to the Marine Society.

20.

Hal's heart beat high, and Hope's gay tints
 Warm on his cheek arose—
 "How blest a fate were mine," he cried,
 "Could *I* be one of those !"

21.

"That fate," replied his friendly host,
 "That happy fate *is* thine ;
 For 'twas this very day decreed
 That you those youths should join—

22.

"Those favour'd youths, whose future worth
 Their Country will repay ;
 Whose dawning valour soon shall give
 A more effulgent day."

23.

Ill can my pen express the joy
 Which now Hal's bosom cheers---
 'Twas rapture all---yet, I believe,
 He answer'd but with---tears.

24.

And now, my studious fairy friends,
 Your patience I implore,
 And beg your fancies will surmise
 That seven long years are o'er.

25.

Nor think in this vast stretch of time
My story much to blame—
Great wits are said to jump, my dears,
And Shakespeare did the same.

26.

Imagine, then, Hal grown a Youth,
And in his features trace
Each manly virtue, nobly join'd
To every manly grace.

27.

And now, amidst a glorious crew,
Britain enrolls his name :
He sails on board the Victory,
A candidate for fame.

28.

Esteem'd, belov'd, how blest the life
Of this once hopeless boy !---
You shar'd his griefs, my little friends,
'Tis just you share his joy.

PART THE FOURTH.

1.

THE Captain of this noble crew
Was liberal, brave, and kind ;
Yet so reserv'd, that many deem'd
He bore a haughty mind.

2.

Or pining grief, or hopeless love,
This change within him wrought,
And "sicklied o'er" his manly face
"With the pale cast of thought."

3.

Amidst the rest he Hal survey'd
With an attentive care :
Smil'd and approv'd his gallant form,
His bold and graceful air.

4.

Warm'd by his praise, th' aspiring youth
Retir'd with modest grace,
While emulation fir'd his heart
And mantled in his face.

5.

Then turning to the boatswain nigh,
Whose visage, seam'd with scars,
White hairs, and sturdy mien, bespoke
The veteran of the wars---

6.

"Tell me," says Hal, "how I may best
Our Captain's favour gain?"
"Why, you must fight"—the sage replies;
"What else?"—"Why fight again.

7.

"And you must mind your tides, my lad,
Not run ahead with joy:
One deed outweighs a thousand words,
He tell us oft, my boy.

8.

"Besides he can't palaver much,
Nor likes he them as can;
But, boarding of a Mounseer's ship,
He's no down-hearted man;

9.

"But like a lion fights, d'ye see;—
And as for all the rest,
The man who fights the most like he
Is him he loves the best.

10.

“ These twelve long years have he and I
Oft weather'd many a gale ;
And until Death shall bring me up
I've sworn with him to sail.

11.

“ He likes your trim, and so do I—
You're gallant built and stout---
So, when a Frenchman heaves in sight,
Why,---keep a sharp look-out !”

12.

Now well, through many a flying month,
Had Hal his courage prov'd
In duty prompt, in manners kind,
By all the crew belov'd.

13.

His grateful heart and cheerful mind
Could all their cares beguile,
And often, in a sportive mood,
Cheat sorrow of a smile.

14.

Dark was the night---the tempest roars
Throughout the vast profound,
The waves uprear their monstrous heads,
The lightnings flash around.

15.

Deep thunders roll, the mighty winds
Around the vessel rave,
Which into Heav'n now seem'd to rush,
Now plung'd beneath the wave.

16.

Wide and more wide the surges gape---
As if they meant to shew
To the poor dying mariner
The useless pearls below !

17.

The fearless boy, with aspect firm,
Beholds the awful scene,
And no external terror shews,---
For all was peace within :

18.

His soul was pure, his faith was strong
In that protecting Arm
Which gave his helpless youth support,
And shelter'd him from harm.

19.

Amidst the tempest's dreadful pause---
A moment of despair---
Hal thought that shrieks and groans he heard,
Resounding through the air.

20.

A signal gun---another shriek
Of dire distress they hear ;
Hal flies aloft, eager to see
What hapless wreck was near :

21.

The angry winds now 'gan to lower,
The lightnings ceas'd to play,
And soon the faint and sickly moon
Gleam'd forth a feeble ray.

22.

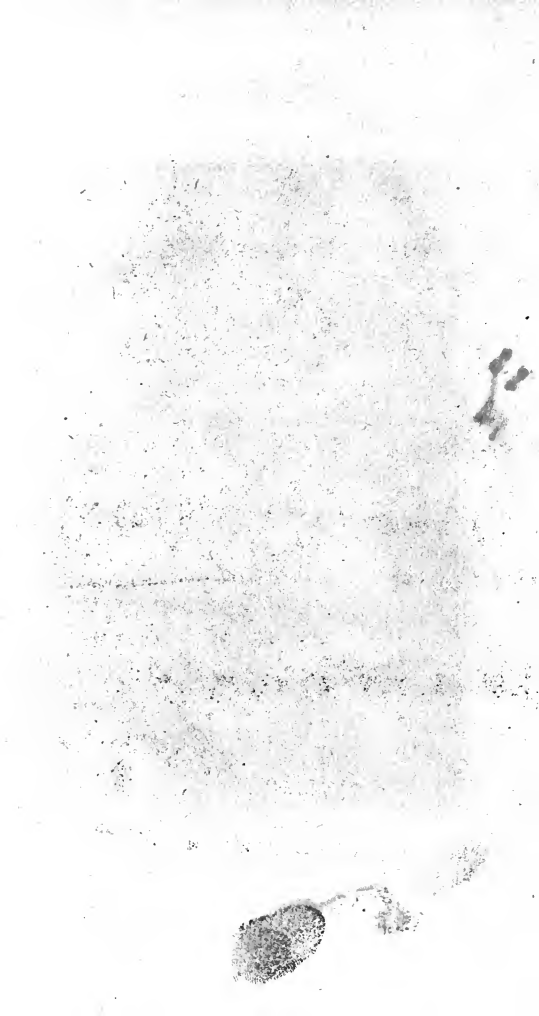
Hal, bending from the top-mast head,
Exclaim'd "too sure I see
A human form imploring aid,
And sinking in the sea!"

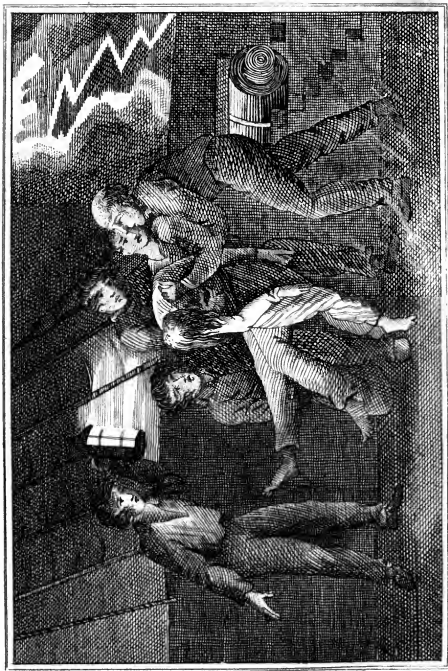
23.

Swift as an arrow from the bow
He's on the deck again,
And swifter than a flying thought
He plunges in the main.

24.

Again the moon's obscur'd by clouds,
The vessel tempest-tost,
And ev'ry heart beats quick, and fears
The gallant youth is lost.





Still grasping in his arms a form

That senseless seemed.

25.

But sudden to their gladden'd ears
Returns his well-known voice ;
The welcome sound dispels their fears,
And bids their hearts rejoice.

26.

“ Come, bear a hand,” the Captain cries,
“ And snatch him from the sea ;
Be quick, and to my cabin bring
That wondrous boy to me !”

27.

With speed the near exhausted youth
Upon the deck was laid,
Still grasping in his arms a form
That senseless seem'd, or dead.

28.

“ Avast,” the boatswain cries, “ let go,
This prize shall be our care ;
You're order'd to the cabin, lad,
Our Captain waits you there.”

29.

With all the strength he could regain,
And anxious to obey,
Hal towards the cabin bent his steps,
Weak-staggering on his way.

30.

“ My gallant fellow, you are faint,
And all o’erspent with toil,”
The Captain said, “ rest on that couch,
And stay with me awhile.”

31.

He op’d his breast to give him air—
But what was his surprize
When, pendant by its silken string,
The Locket met his eyes.

32.

Swift his pale cheek was flush’d all o’er,
As swift the crimson fled,
“ But whence that precious gem?—and how
Became it yours?” he said.

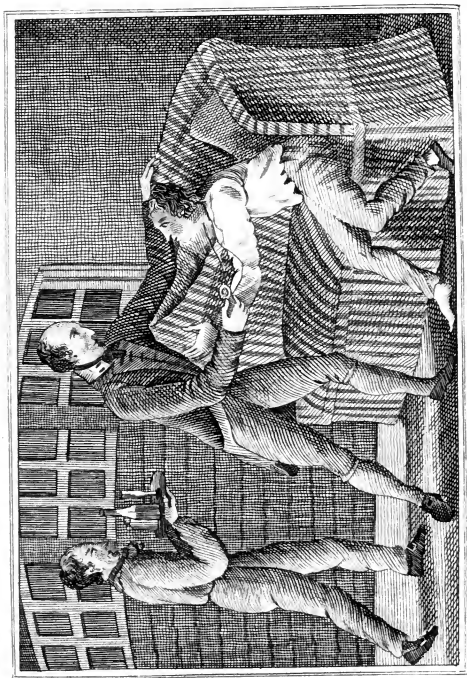
33.

“ My Mother gave it me, who died
Long since, alas, at sea!—
“ O mighty God! that Mother was
A Wife most dear to me!”

34.

He caught the Relic to his lips---
He kiss’d it, wild with joy,
Then turn’d to Hal---“ Art thou, indeed,
My lov’d, my long-lost boy?”





**Harry rushed
Into a Father's arms.**

35.

“ Yes, in those features well I trace
My Ellen’s matchless charms”---
He could no more---for Harry rush’d
Into a father’s arms.

36.

O ye who share a father’s love,
And feel a father’s care,
Ye best can prize, who best can tell,
The heav’n that met him there !

PART THE FIFTH.

1.

NOW loud triumphant shouts are heard
Resound on ev’ry side,
“ Huzza ! our Hal’s our Captain’s son !”
The joyous sailors cried.

2.

The tempest ceas’d---all sorrow fled,
And every heart was gay,
When down the boatswain’s rugged cheek
A tear was seen to stray.

D

3.

At such a wondrous sight all star'd---
Says one, " Why, what ails thee ?"
You need not fear," old Wat replied,
" 'Tis not for grief, d'ye see,

4.

" But for main joy---but, bear away !
I'll to our captain speed—
I've proof enough our noble Hal
Is his own child indeed,

5.

Then, as he op'd the cabin door,
And made a seaman's bow,
" I'm com'd to tell your Honour what
Your Honour 'l like to know."

6.

" Oh speak !" the happy father said,
While tears his eyes o'erflow—
" I will your Honour—first, that boy's
Dear life to me you owe.

7.

" Belike your honour calls to mind
Your lady cross'd the main,
Too see old England, and her friends,
That time you cruiz'd off Spain.

8.

“ I was on board the Argonaut,
When Madam went to sea,
And you had sail'd the day before
On board the Victory.

9.

“ Lord love her soul ! how Madam wept,
When first on board she came !
And when your Honour bade farewell,
'Twas said you did the same.

10.

“ Poor Sue, that went as Madam's maid,
Went all for love of me,
And would have been my wedded wife,
Had we not wreck'd at sea.

11.

“ But just e'er that her Lady died,
By sickness sore oppress'd,—
Some said she broke her tender heart,
She was so sad distress'd.

12.

“ The only comfort she could find,
Was in her little boy—
His Honour there,—long may he live,
To be your Honour's joy !

13.

“ And well I call to mind that day,
When, airing on the deck,
She took the gim-grack that you found,
And hung it round his neck,

14.

“ And kiss’d it oft.”---“ I pray go on,’
The Captain said, and sigh’d.---
“ Well, Sir---the next day after that
Your lovely Lady died.

15.

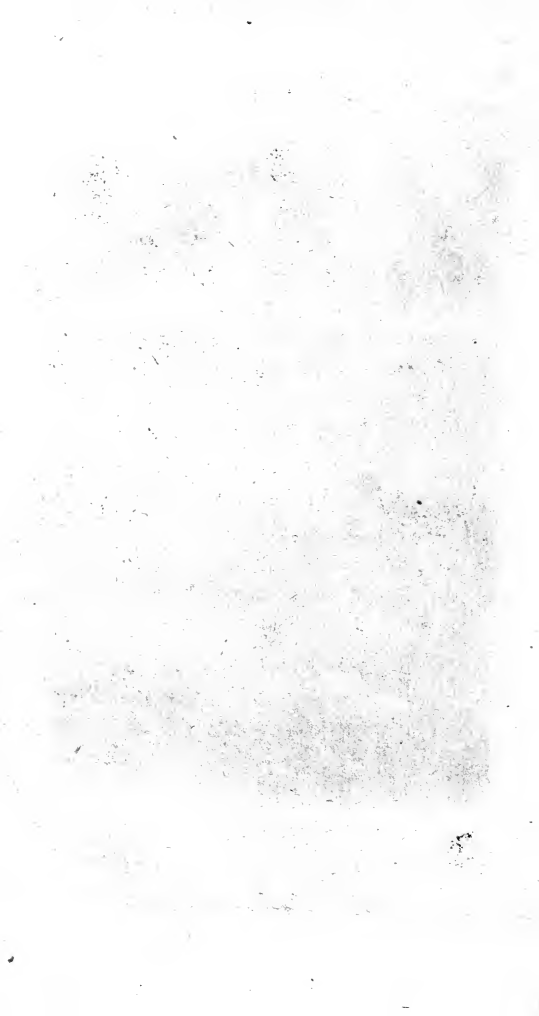
“ Amidst a gale, the following week,
We split upon a rock,
And not a soul save Hal and I,
Surviv’d the dreadful shock.

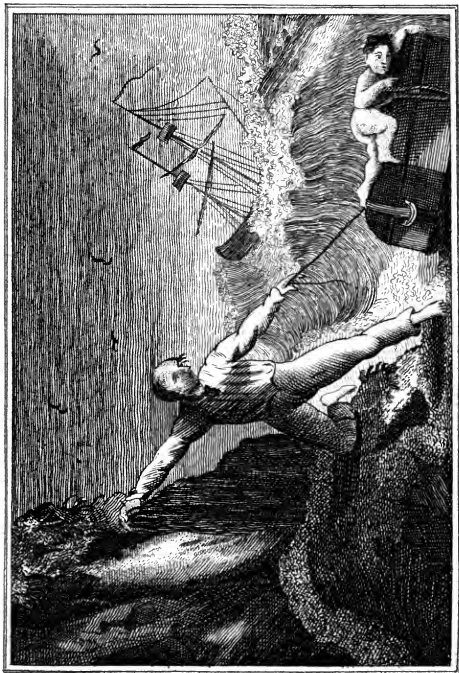
16.

“ Poor Sue, and Madam’s gear, and all,
Were in the tempest drown’d,
And nothing of the Argonaut,
Unto this day is found.

17.

“ Poor Sue!---they thrust her in the boat,
In hopes to gain the land,
But that was swamp’d before my eyes,
Long e’er it reach’d the strand !





My little freight and I at last
Set foot on England's shore

18.

And Sue's last dismal shriek I heard,
Cry out, in accents wild,
"O, Walter, Walter! don't forget,
That dear and darling child!"

19.

"I flew, and tied him on a chest,
While he lay lull'd in sleep,
Then slung the rope athwart my arm,
And plung'd into the deep.

20.

"There struggling hard with might and main,
My courage nearly o'er,
My little freight, and I, at last,
Set foot on England's shore.

21.

"But ne'er quite out of luck was I,---
For in the chest I found,
Some clothes, your Honour's picture too,
And six or seven pound.

22.

"To Lunnun then, to see my friends,
Once more I trudg'd with he,
To try and make a shift to live,
'Till I got out to sea.

23.

“ And now the worst of all my woes,
It wrings my heart to name,
But hopes your Honour will not think
I was so much to blame.

24.

“ Poor Hal—your Honour’s pardon, though,
I must not be so free—
Your Honour’s son, I mean—went out
One day to walk with me.

25.

“ We had not wander’d ’bove an hour,
When we a press-gang met,
(All arm’d with cutlasses and clubs)
Who sorely us beset.

26.

“ Poor Hal clung close—I, for his sake,
A stout resistance made,
And in the fray, poor boy ! he got
A cut upon the head.

27.

“ The frighten’d child ran swift away ;---
To call him back I tried,
But all in vain---and then I thought
With grief I must have died.

28.

“ The gang, enrag’d, insulted me,
In all their gibing way,
And hurried me a-board their ship,
Before the shut of day.

29.

“ There, close confin’d, I cried all night,
(A bitter night to me,)
And pray’d to God that he would send
Some friend to comfort He !

30.

“ And now twelve years are past and gone,
Since I set foot on shore,
And the lost Child I little thought
To lay my eyes on more.

31.

“ Oft when your honour walk’d the deck,
And thought you were alone,
I watch’d your melancholy steps,
And heard your secret groan ;

32.

“ But fear’d, if I the truth should tell,
It would call back your tears,
And for the boy you lov’d so well,
Might raise a thousand fears.”

33.

“ You wisely thought,” the Captain cried ;
“ I mourn’d my boy as dead ;
My heart had broke, could I have thought
He pin’d for want of bread,---

34.

“ A vagabond upon the earth,
To vice and sin a slave !
Ah ! better far to think he slept
Within his wat’ry grave !

35.

“ Of that sad crew I never heard
That one had gain’d the shore,
And with the Argonaut, my hopes
Of peace and life were o’er !”

36.

The general joy that spread around,
’Twas transport now to trace ;
Though still some lingering drops bedew’d
The Veteran’s hardy face.

37.

Then Hal relates the piteous tale
Of all his sorrows past,
Until within a father’s arms
He found repose at last.

38.

And much was generous Robin prais'd,
And o'er poor Mary's bier,
While many a rough encomium pass'd,
Dropt many an artless tear.

39.

"But where amidst our joy," says Hal,
"That stranger---where is he?
How fares it with that hapless youth
I rescued from the sea?"

40.

"He's main and well," old Wat replied;
"Then fetch him here, my boy,"
The Captain says; "and in this ship
Let all partake my joy."

41.

With footsteps as his spirits light,
Hal eager bent his way,
To where, in balmy slumbers wrapt,
The ship-wreck'd stranger lay.

42.

But who shall Harry's joy describe,
What pen his raptures trace,
When he the well-known features saw
Of Robin's honest face!

43.

And who shall Robin's transports tell,
When first he rais'd his eyes—
No diamond in a Miser's path
E'er caus'd such sweet surprise !

44.

They wept, embrac'd, and laugh'd by turns ;
Embrac'd, and wept again—
The tumult of their minds was such,
'Twas joy wound up to—pain !

45.

“ Who would have thought of this,” said Hal,
“ The morn you shelter'd me,
That I should be so blest to save
Thy generous life at sea ?

46.

“ But to my father let us haste,
And fill his heart with joy,
To know that I have sav'd the life
Of him who sav'd his boy.”

47.

The grateful father, to his heart,
Caught him in transport wild,
And, “ Oh, through life, lov'd youth,” he cried,
“ Be thou my second child ?”

48.

Of further blessings, greater joys,
I have no more to tell,
And so shall bid my pretty friends
A tender, kind farewell.

49.

Yet, I have heard this happy crew
Together plough the main,
And, struggling in fair freedom's cause,
Now fight for gallant Spain :

50.

And let this in your loyal hearts
Their merits high advance ;
And wish them all deserved success
Against our foes and France.



51.

And now, sweet friends, my Tale is done—
Resume your sport and plays,
Nor let a cloud of sorrow cross
The sunshine of your days.

52.

Farewell ! and may you all, like Hal,
Be loved, admired, caressed—
Like him, pursue fair Virtue's course—
Like him, by Heaven be blessed !

THE END

